GARLADN:

In Four PARTS.

PART I. Shewing how a rich Lord's Son in *France* fell in Love with a poor Farmer's Daughter.

PART II. Alſo how they were diſcourſing by a Grove's Side, and were overheard by his Father.

PART III. The Father's baniſhing him, and thought to have tranſported her, but ſhe got herſelf a green Livery, and went with him as a Page.

PART IV. Laſtly, after ſeven Years Travel they returned home, and how his Father and Mother received them with Joy and Gladneſs, and gave their Conſent for their Marriage.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

My father is

THE
Pertty Green-Coat Boy's Garland.

To the Tune of, *The Wandering young Gentlewoman.*

PART. I.

YOU pretty young Maidens and Batchellors sweet,
Come, draw nrea unto me, whilst I do relate
A very true Story, as e'er you did hear,
Therefore now, good People, I pray you give Ear.

In *Dunance* in *France*, there liv'd near a Town,
A noble fine Lord of great Fame and Renown
Who wedded a Lady, and by her I hear,
Had a young Son whom he loved most dear.

There was an old Farmer, who lived hard by,
That had a young Daughter both gallant and gay
That in the whole Country there never was bred
A fairer young Creature; she was white and red.

Which made all the Gentry both far and near,
Dukes, Lords, Knights and Squires, all thither repair
To court this fair Beauty; but all was in vain;
For none of them all could her Favour obtain.

At length this Lord's Son, amongst all the rest
Came a courting to her, and he thus did protest;
Oh! pretty sweet *Jenny*, grant me thy sweet Love
Or else you will my sad Destruction prove.

She said, Noble Lord, I'm both poor and low,
My Father he is a poor Farmer you know,
In his Power it is not to give unto me;
Therefore to consent, I'm not willing, said she.

If I yield unto you, perhaps they may ſay,
This young Lord hath now thrown himſelf quite away;
Therefore, noble Lord, we ſhall never agree,
A Labouring Man is far better for me,
That earneth his Bread by the Sweat of his Brow,
And ſtill takes Delight to follow the Plow;
He has better Delight I'll make it appear,
Than a noble Lord of Ten Thouſand a Year; (Land,
That has Wealth and Riches, great Houſes and
Both Men and Maid Servants ſtill at his Command.
If thou can but love me, ſweet *Jenny*, quoth he,
A Lady of Honour you quickly ſhall be.
She ſaid, Noble Sir, if I ſhould be your Bride,
Pray what will become of us both, ſhe reply'd,
If your honoured Father ſhould chance for to know
That you love a Farmer's poor Daughter ſo low.
If my Father ſhould chance to be angry with me,
Or Mother to frown, then my Jewel ſhall ſee
I'll work while I'm able to ſtand to the Plow,
And work for my Bread with the Sweat of my Brow.
I hope my dear *Jenny* ſhall never complain,
Whate'er I do promiſe, while Life does remain,
I'll ſurely perform, my dear Jewel, ſaid he,
Dear *Jenny*, conſent now my Bride for to be.

PART II.

AS they were diſcourſing by a Grove, I hear,
His Father was walking to take the Air,
He drew near unto them, cloſe by a Ditch Side,
Then theſe loyal Lovers were quickly betray'd.
So he having heard what between them did paſs,
Came near to his Son, and ſaid to him, *Alas!*
Are you going to degrade my Family?
One Farthing I never will give unto thee,
But ſtraight, I will baniſh thee out of this Place,
Thou ſhalt not be to me a Shame and Diſgrace.

By wedding a Husbandman's Daughter ſo poor,
Therefore, my Son, never come near me more.
The Son on his Knees to his Father did ſay,
Oh! do not part me from my Jewel, I pray;
And if I was forced to beg for my Dear,
I will travel the World round both far and near.
The Father in Rage to his Mother did go,
And told her the News with an Heart full of Woe.
Dear Lady, our Son will be married indeed (bleed.
To a poor Farmer's Daughter, which makes my Heart
To whom, my dear Lord? The Lady did reply,
To one of our Tenants that liveth hard by.
With that the Mother in a Paſſion did run,
Go call my Son to me, or I'm undone.
He came in her Preſence, when ſhe ſaw his Face,
Oh, Son! thou haſt brought me to Shame and Diſgrace,
By wedding to one that's not fitting for thee.
Oh! I am not married, Mother, ſaid he,
The Son on his Knees to his Father did cry,
Oh! do not part me from my Jewel, I pray,
If I was a Lord of ten thouſand a Year,
I'd part with it all for the Sake of my Dear.
The Father in a Paſſion thus to him did ſay,
I will lock you up in my Cloſet ſtraightway,
And for your ſweet Jewel that you love ſo dear,
I'll have her tranſported; you never ſhall hear
Which Way ſhe is gone, or which Way ſhe ſhall go,
Nor where for to find her you never ſhall know.
With that the young Lord fell upon his bare Knees,
Dear Father and Mother, now do what you pleaſe,
Now I will leave the Lord in Tears for to mourn,
And unto the poor Farmer's Daughter I'll turn,
She knowing his Father would ſend her away,
She went to a Taylor the very ſame Day.
And bargain'd with him for a Livery of Green,
Both Coat, Veſt and Breeches, ſo neat and ſo trim,

She got a black Bag, and she ty'd up her Hair,
And then for her Journey she straight did prepare.
She went to the Town where this Lord did dwell,
Good People, pray mind, and I quickly will tell,
The Lord sent his Servants to bring her with Speed,
In Hopes for to have her transported indeed.
They came to her Father, and thus they did say,
We're come for your Daughter, to send her away.
You may look out for her, the Farmer did cry,
If I lose my Daughter, I surely shall die.
Away they did run to their Master with Speed,
And said, *My noble Lord, she is gone indeed,*
Well, if it be so, I am well satisfied.
With that the young Lord he bitterly cry'd.
The very next Morning when the Day did peep,
The Mother arose, left his Father asleep;
She came to her Son, where lamenting he lay,
Straight open'd the Door, and thus to him did say,
She said, *Dear Child, here is five hundred Pound,*
And take thy Horse straight, and get out of Town,
Before thy Father gets out of his Sleep.
My Blessing go with thee; with that she did weep.
I thank you, dear Mother, the Child did reply,
At parting they kiss'd, and each of them did cry,
Said he, *Now I'll wander the World far and near,*
To search for my Love whom I love so dear.

PART III.

SO taking his Horse, then away he did go,
And leaving his Parents in Sorrow and Woe;
But as he was riding along the Highway,
He met with his Lover in Page's Array.
She bow'd to her Lord with Cap in her Hand,
And said, *My noble Lord, I do understand*
That you are now going a Journey, said she,
Are you willing to have such a Servant as me?

He ſaid, *Thou art a pretty* Boy, *as I live*;
And as for thy Wages, thou ſurely ſhalt have;
If I was to travel all the World, ſaid he,
A prettier Boy *I could ne'er hope to ſee.*
He bought her a Horſe, and away ſhe did ride,
Both Sword, Caſe of Piſtols, and all by her Side;
At length they did travel for many long Day,
Uutil they were weary, almoſt, I hear ſay.
Now I leave them both in great Grief for a while,
And turn to the Father to grieve for his Child.
The old Man ariſing, and miſſing his Son,
He ſtamp'd like a mad Man, and ſaid, *I'm undone.*
His Wife ſhe ſaid to him, *Oh! cruel you are*
To baniſh from thee thy Son and only Heir;
Thou vvert very cruel to croſs thy Son's Love,
Perhaps it may to him Deſtruction prove.
The Father ſaid, *I am griev'd to the Heart,*
To think my dear Son from me novv ſhould part;
And novv he is gone the vvide World for to range,
If he had been here my Mind ſoon vvould he change;
If he and his Love vvere here vvith me now.
With all that I have I vvould both them endow:
Yet I fear 'tis in vain for me to complain,
Seeing I ne'er expect to ſee them again.
Now we will leave them in Sorrow to mourn,
And back to the Son again we will return,
Who ſpent many Days in the Search of his Dear,
And how he did find her, you now ſoon ſhall hear.
Altho' he was ſearching for her Night and Day,
She wandered with him in Page's Array,
And every Night in Bed with him did lye,
And was Partaker of his Calamity.
When he did lament, it would cauſe her to weep,
That very few Nights they ever could well ſleep;
So for want of Reſt, and through great Poverty,
They both in ſtrange Countries had like for to die.

Alone they did tarvel in Sorrow and Grief.
From Door to Door, begging for Relief;
Which made this Young Lord ſhed many a Tear,
And ſay, *Oh! had I but one Sight of my Dear.*
Then I vvould freely reſign up my Breath;
For here I am vveary of living on Earth.
Therefore now, ſweet Heavens, I pray pitty me,
And grant me one Sight of my Jewel to ſee.
Then ſpake his true Love in Page's Array,
Come, let us go home, dear Sir, I you pray.
And there your dear Lover you quickly will find
Your Father and Mother both loving and kind.
My dear pretty Boy, I do pity thy Caſe;
For here I am reſolved to die in this Place:
My Father and Mother I never more will ſee;
For in my Love they are cruel to me.
Oh! do not ſay ſo, then anſwered the Lad,
Your Father to ſee you would be very glad;
And likewiſe your loving Dear for you does wait,
Would be glad to ſee you, and lye at your Feet.
If it be ſo, then I will take your Advice.
So taking them Shipping they ſail'd in a Trice
To fair *Dunance* City, when landed they were,
He ſtraight to his Father and Mother repair'd.

PART IV.

SO going towards home, with Tears in his Eyes,
At laſt his dear Father and Mother he 'ſpies;
For as they were both ſtanding at their own Door,
They 'ſpy'd their Son coming diſtreſſed and poor.
His Father ſaid, *Wife, yonder cometh my Son.*
His Mother with Joy, then away ſhe did run,
Aſſoon as ſhe ſaw him ſhe fell in a Swoon,
And with perfect Joy fell down flat on the Ground.
So in both they went, with Joy overſpread,
The Father to ſee his Son was very glad,

For Joy at his coming great Feasting did make,
But yet for his Lover his poor Heart did ake.
The Father said, *Pray Son, what makes you sad?*
I'm sure to see you my Heart is full glad,
Were you and your Lover here both with me now,
With all that I have I would you both endow.
His Love standing by in Page's Array,
With Tears in her Eyes, she to him did say,
I am that young Creature that should be your Bride,
Altho' seven long Years I've laid by yonr Side.
With that the young Lord was struck in a Maze
And for a long Time he on her did gaze:
Art thou the Farmer's Daughter then? said he,
Full seven long Years thou went begging for me.
Then said the Father, *That sure cannot be*
That whom he sought for was in his Company:
Now I am contented she shall be your Bride.
That Word has revievd me, the Son he reply'd.
They sent for her Father and Mother with Speed
To hear of her Coming they were glad indeed.
Come play us a Jig, the old Woman did cry,
Since my Daughter's a Lady, I'll dance till I die.
They sent for all the Gentry, both far and near
To view this young Couple they thither repair;
A fairer young Creature there never was seen,
The poor Farmer's Daughter as fine as a Queen.
Let all Loyal Lovers take VVarning by this,
To do as this Couple, and they'll ne'er do amiss;
If you were to travel all the VVorld around,
Two such loyal Lovers will never be found.

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FINIS.